Miner.

VOLUME XX. SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 7, 1883.

THE McKEAN MINER.

H. F. BARROUN, Proprietor.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Mail via, B. N. Y. & P. R. R. leaves Smethport at 1 p. m. and arrives at 8:30

Mail via, B. N. Y. & P. (Clermont Branch) arrives at 1 p. m. and carry at 1 p. m.

Universal Telegraph Mail leaves at 12 m and arrives at 6:30 p. m.

Kinzua Mail arrives every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 a. m. and departs at 1 p. m. same days.

Money Orders will not be issued or Letters registered between 12 m. and 2:30 p. m.

Office open every day for delivery of mail from 12 m. to 1 p. m.

M. A. BRAUER, P. M.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.

McKean Lodge, No. 301, F. & A. M., meets on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

J. A. HOLDEN, W. M.

C. M. SMITH, Secy.

A. O. U. W.

Smethport Lodge, No. 161, meets every Tuesday evening in the Masonic Hall.

H. L. BINGHAM, M. W.

WARREN GIFFORD, Recorder.

I. O. O. F.

Meets every Thursday evening at Masonic Hall.

C. H. BECKWITH, N. G.

W. H. WETHERALL, Secy.

Churches.

METHODIST.—E. P. HARRELL, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Class Meeting directly after evening services. Prayer Meetings on Thursday evenings at 7 p. m. Sabbath School every Sabbath immediately after the morning services.

BAPTIST.—[illegible] Preaching at half-past 10 a. m. and half-past 6 p. m. Sabbath School directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7 p. m.

EPISCOPAL.—J. Heath McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10½ a. m. and 7½ p. m. Sunday school at 9 a. m.

ST. ELISABETH CATHOLIC CHURCH.—J. F. SMITH, pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Vespers at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on each alternate Sunday at Smethport and Clermont.

Borough Officers.

[illegible]

Constables—Frank Krise.

School Directors—C. H. Backus, H. L. Metcalf, Jr., Chas. Gleason, Daniel Sherrett, J. W. Brennan, Stephen Phillips.

Auditors—W. M. Smith, P. Ford.

Judge of Election—Peter Powers, John H. Shoemaker, Wesley Gifford.

Inspectors—C. Hamlin, A. D. Bortrand.

Judges of Election—C. Gleason.

Inspectors—Isaac Beckwith, A. J. Gilbert.

Assessor—O. M. Smith.

Official Directory.

NATIONAL AND COUNTY.

[illegible]

Constables—H. W. Williams, Watterson Tingley.

Commissioners' Clerk—A. G. Olmsted, Limb report Master Inspector—Henry Hamilton, Smethport; P. M. Fuller, Bradford.

Mercantile Appraiser—Chas. Schmitz, Jr., Bradford.

Members of Assembly—David Sherrett, Smethport.

District Attorney—S. McCormick, Smethport.

Sheriff—A. J. Wallace, Bradford.

Prothonotary—Milton H. Hamlin, Bradford.

County Treasurer—C. W. Brennan, Smethport.

County Commissioners—A. T. Dodge, Dullin; City; E. Johnson, Bradford; A. Riehle, Smethport.

County Clerk—John F. Shoemaker, Smethport.

Jury Commissioners—N. C. Griffith, O. P. Cowan.

Auditors—A. P. Brewer, F. K. Washburn, A. A. Stevens.

Mercantile Appraiser—F. K. Washburn, Foster Townsend.

County Surveyor—H. H. Lyon, Bradford, Pa.

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, May and September, and third Monday of December.

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THE MINER JOB ROOMS are abundantly supplied with facilities for doing fine Blank Printing. We make a specialty of this class of printing, and challenge comparison of our work and prices with that of any first class Blank Printing House. We keep in stock all the usual forms of LEGAL and CONVEYANCING, JUSTICE'S, CONSTABLES and TOWNSHIP BLANKS, and print on short notice any style and form desired. Samples, estimates and prices furnished on application. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

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For Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles. For all Skin Diseases. Fetter, Itch, Ringworm, Pimples, Erysipelas, Sore Nipples, Sore Eyes, &c.

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Attorneys and Counsellors at Law

Smethport, Pa.

Office:—Sartwell Block, Main Street.

JOHN C. BACKUS. SHERIDAN GORTON.

E. L. KEENAN,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

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Smethport, Pa.

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Room 13 Exchange,

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Attorney at Law and Notary Public,

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P. H. COTTER,

ATTORNEY - AT - LAW,

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Office over Richmond & Son's Drug Store.

Smethport, Pa.

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OFFICE: Rooms No. 11 and 13, Grand Central.

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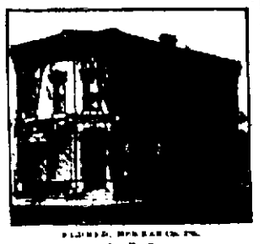

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The Surest Cure for

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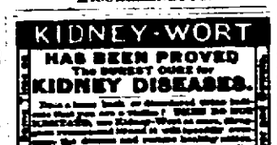

Ladies

KIDNEY-WORT

Swayne's Pills—Comforting to the Sick

SELECT POETRY.

SOMETIME.

Sometime when all life's lessons have been learned
And sun and stars forever more have set
The things which our weak judgment here have spurned,
The things over which we grieve with bootless cost,
Will flash before us, and the life dark night
As utter noon-tide, and we shall see how right
And what most wronged required was love unselfish true.

And if sometimes commingled with life's crime
We find the wretched soul rebel and clutch
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out the portion for our lips to drink
And if some friend I've here to sting low
Where human hearts can not read their fate
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace
And you shall clearly know that long thousand
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friends
And that sometimes the added pain of death
Unspeakable the fullest boon has been sent
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within and all God's working see,
We could interpret all this sadness now
And for each sigh would find a key.

But now looks! then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white are
We could not bear the clime that bears no pain
Thou will reveal the calyx round gold
And if through pain we enter the rest
Where love shall cease and sorrow be no more
Where we shall clearly know and understand
I think that we shall say "God knew the best."

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN COLBEY'S FRIEND.

1863

'Fifteen years ago,' thought Aunt Mary as she watched the happy children going out of the front gate and down the road towards the little country church a mile away.

She had started them all off, her two stout nephews and three pretty nieces with their arms full of flowers to the graveyard and they had each carefully picked out the darkest, richest, the reddest roses and the purest camellias from their fragrant burdens to be saved for 'Uncle' John's grave, and when she had heard them consulting which were the sweetest, the richest and the most rare for that purpose she had turned them away, dashed up stairs and turned face and eyes in the pillow, sobbing as if the grief were new instead of a heavily carried burden for fifteen years.

Fifteen years ago, since the former patriot John Colbey, leaving his humble little farm, and Mary his promised bride, had gone with the rest of the boys to the front.

What a parting that was, they would have been married that fall, the dainty little farm house that John himself had superintended the building of had been nearly finished, when the urgent demand for more men to go to Washington at once had rallied the blood leaping in every loyal heart throughout the length and breadth of that beautiful Pennsylvania valley. John came down that evening and told her he was going—he must go—he must go because she would think him no true man if he stayed, and so with her knees warm on his lips her tears on his cheek, he had turned and walked down the road into the dusk, never once looking back, like the brave man he was, and next morning found him far on his journey towards the centre of the struggle.

Fifteen years since she had waited so anxiously for the letters that never failed to come, cheerful letters most of them, bright with the hope of speedy victory and home. Fifteen years since that last letter, written the night before Gettysburg, came. This is what he wrote: 'To-morrow we go into what promises to be a terrible struggle and I do not know why I am feeling as I do to-night about it. I have come through so much already, untouched, that I have come to feel a sort of security as if no danger threatened me, but I have been acting to-day as if I had assurance that some of those relief boys across the field there had it fixed for me to-morrow. I have often written you about my New Jersey comrade whom I have acquired such an admiration for. Well, he and I have been together all the morning. Mollie, if anything happens to-morrow I have made the best disposition of my little farm and all that I have, that I could possibly make for your lifelong advantage. If anything happens be will tell you what it is, and remember what I say, I am certain it is for the greatest advantage to you that I make it.' And when had followed earnest words of love and Christian trust and hope, the last letter, for after Gettysburg was won, part of the terrible purchase price had been the life of the writer.

Fifteen years—she was young then, father and mother living and all these fresh pretty nieces and nephews had grown up around the sister with whom she was now living. 'Uncle' John, they had been taught to call the dead hero, besides whose grave Aunt Mary had told them so many stories of the old war times.

They called her 'pretty Aunt Mary' with that childish admiration which found its ideal in the gracefully carved head, the loving eyes, the sorrow-touched mouth and what above all makes a woman of thirty five 'pretty' to children, a voice that long sorrow had softened and made tender and which readily attuned itself to join in their childish conversations or sing with them their childish songs.

So she by thinking over the life she had led these fifteen years, not a useless one, not utterly void of happiness, but always with a hidden undercurrent of trying sorrow, darkened with the memory of a dear face that never would need lovingly to here again, waking in the midnight to long for the pressure of the stout right arm that had dropped powerless by his side when the rebel ball went smashing his brave heart through breast and home and stove. How cruelly he had died, and the old hurt never would quite heal. Something that had happened this last week had made it still harder to bear. A stranger had come into their little neighborhood early in the spring, and after looking about had cast his heart upon the future and there that would have been and John's. There he never had fallen, yet nearly completed arrangements for its transfer to Mr. Carr, the stranger who, travelling through their little valley, had seen and coveted it for his own. He will bring his wife there' thought Mary, as she rose and went to the window, whence she could see. Just down the road a little ways, its windows and orchard and pleasant porch at the side and front—and her children, perhaps!—and she leaned her head on the window seat and the tears came pouring out again. Was it strange or unwomanly that at thirty five she could not help thinking of the husband and children that might have been here, under that roof beyond among the trees. She had seen this newcomer, a gentleman apparently, who in the few minutes' conversation which she had with him had seemed to her to be almost harsh in his behavior, barely polite, a cold feelingless man, with not a tithe of the noble heartiness in him that had glowed in the first owner of the little cottage and farm. Why had fate snatched away her darling to give his place to this cynic? Just then she heard the gate unlatch, and looking down the walk she saw the cynic leisurely coming up towards the porch; not a bad looking cynic she had to admit; neither dandy or boor,—a plain man who looked straight before him, not a man who could be wicked; in fact were it not for that ever-present look of cold hearted indifference with which his face was clouded, he might be one who could do great good.

'I wonder if he knows the story of his new cottage,' she thought as she went down stairs to meet him.

They sat down under the porch and talked of the day, what it commenced—ed, of the neighborhood in which he was as yet almost a stranger, and then of his new purchase.

'I am not of a neighborly disposition, he said, 'this man that Mary could not quite dislike, 'and I am afraid that it will take me a long time to become one of you, but I hope that the few questions which I have already made will help me to get out of a long acquired habit of living out of society.'

'You will overlook help, Mr. Carr,' said she. 'I am will find that if you do not come to us, we will put you at once in a state of siege, and carry on the war till you surrender. A stranger is not such a frequent phenomenon in this valley that we can afford to leave him to himself, so you will find yourself one of us by force of circumstances, and we can only hope that you will find something in your new surroundings that shall make up for the loss of your old habit. It is sometimes as hard to give up old habits as old friends.'

'I gave up the old friends long ago,' he said quietly, with that cold look deepening in his face, 'and have tried to make the old habits take their place.'

'And have you succeeded?' she could not help asking.

'Yes,' he answered, 'but at great cost to myself, I fear,' and then he changed the conversation.

'I am starting under a disadvantage,' he said, 'in that I am the subject of jealousy among several of your young farmers here who had hoped some day to own that pretty place I have yonder. They are not pleased to have a stranger own the prettiest little piece of property in the valley. Now acknowledge,' he added, smiling, as he saw a look come into her eyes which indicated that she might have such a feeling little knowing what the reason was. 'Now acknowledge that you would have selected another owner for it if you could have had your way.'

His tone was slightly bantering, but it met with no response in hers. To this day she cannot tell why she answered as she did. Her face grew sudden'y grave, the clear eyes dimmed, as the vision of a new dead face came smiling across the long vista of the years, and she then said, 'Yes I would have chosen far differ—ent.'

There was a little start at her abrupt and unconventionality answer, and then as he saw the long buried sorrow flinging its dark shadow over her countenance, he bent his head carried head droop and his white fingers pick nervously at the fold of her dress, but no question came quickly, respectfully, compassionately.

'Am I too much of a stranger to ask what would most please you in regard to its occupancy?'

What was it that led her to look up into the face just then and study it carefully, almost rudely, before she answered? Was the dumb love of a dead heart urging her to trust this stranger? Was the spirit that fled upward amid the smoke and crash of that long ago battle-field here beside her in the quiet of the summer morning diverting her tired soul to a support where it might safely lean? He stood her searching gaze quietly, unembarrassed, respectfully. 'No, you are not,' she said, 'a real man once owned that farm; he built that house, and if God had permitted it, if the shield of a woman's love that has never dimmed those fifteen years could have saved him, he would have been living there to-day and I would have been living with him.'

There was not a tremor of hesitation, not the slightest trace of a conscious sentimentality in her words. Her love was no girl's trouble that she should simper modestly about it. It was a passion that trial had made her feel she need not be ashamed to acknowledge. There was no fear that an old grave like that in which her heart was buried would be made a jest of.

There was not a semblance of that cold, hard look left in his face when he spoke again.

'Fifteen years, that was a good man that could have kept his place in woman's heart so long, a wonderfully good man, the only man of his kind, I should say. They have told me that my farm once belonged to a soldier. Is it of him you speak?'

'Yes.'

'And he was killed?'

'Yes.'

'Where?'

'At Gettysburg.'

'His name?'

'John Colbey.'

These questions had been asked at long intervals. She had answered them almost unwillingly, her mind all the time full of the crowding memories of the long ago which they revolved, and as she sat looking far away at the distant hills, finding it still hard to submit herself to speak calmly of the story, [illegible] frightened her from his presence if she had but looked at him, but she was looking at the point in the road, down there by the bend, where years ago she had watched a form disappear in the summer night. How often she had gone over that journey in spirit with him. Over the hills yonder, he had sped by rail, away beyond them where she could not see there was lying, now a green ridge, beyond that other ridges and more to a new green hill side, where once thousands of men had rushed toward each other in just such another bright day as this; again as often before the horrid din of that conflict fills her ears; again she sees that one man throw up his arms and drop.

'O, God!'

Started back by her own exclamation into the present, she looked for the stranger but he had gone. 'He seems to respect my sorrow,' she thought, and rose to go and greet the children whom she could now hear talking softly together as they neared the house on their return.

The next day Mr. Carr took up his residence at the cottage and his visits became frequent at the nearest farm house. They were never strange to each other after that discussion day talk, and the acquaintance grew into a respectful and pleasant intimacy.

* * * * *

1879.

A year had passed and again the children have gathered flowers and gone down to the church-yard, and returned. The evening comes on and Mary sits thinking on the porch. It has come to be a familiar, a welcome face, this one which is coming up the walk now from the little cottage yonder, and as he sits beside her in the soft evening air, she feels no wonder at his strangely quiet manner; she has learned that his moods are never to be accounted for, sometimes cynical, sometimes sympathetic, sometimes impatient, but they know each other well enough now, he to readily guess what her thoughts on this day are likely to be, and to respect them, she to feel sure that he will not misinterpret her silence, so they sit a long time in the perfect quiet of a country evening. At last he breaks the silence by a question which their year's intimacy alone could have justified, how quietly and gently he asked it.

'Are you thinking of the soldier boy, Mary?'

'Yes.'

'I have a story to tell you of Gettysburg,' he went on, 'would you listen to it now?' They had talked over the history of that terrible time together often before, and finding that she was interested in anything which could bring more closely to her mind the experiences which John Colbey might have undergone from the time he left her until his death; he had often told her stories that he had heard of army life, but he had never told her anything of Gettysburg. 'He thinks it will hurt me too cruelly,' she thought, and now at his question she brought her chair nearer to him and sat waiting.

'There was one man who went into the fight at Gettysburg, who did not care whether he came out again alive or not,' said Mr. Carr, speaking slowly. 'He was a good fellow, from New Jersey, I think,' a glance under his eyebrows in her direction, but she gave no sign; only about twenty years old, but old enough to love. Mary, to love so strongly that men of riper years have lived and died never knowing such passion as his was—old enough to have thrown all the treasure of his heart down before a woman who had counted it an idle moment's amusement to stoop down and pick it up, play with it a brief summer's month and then drop it again. He had gone into the army, to rid himself if possible of this foolish fascination, he had tramped it out of his mind through many a weary march, he had thrust it at the point of his bayonet into the thick of many a trying charge, until it had left him, hating instead of loving, not her alone, but all her kind. He had a comrade, from your state I think,' another look towards the quiet face beside him, 'and the night before Gettysburg, when all knew and felt that the morrow would bring a decisive and terrible struggle, in the lonely watch just before dawn, as they sat together with the rebels just across the ravine, he could not keep from speaking bitter words against the woman who had wronged him, cursed her and all her sex, and his comrade stopped him in the midst of his cursing.

'I tell you, comrade,' said he, 'you have no right to say such things about women. I left a woman at home that would have married me this fall; she will marry me now if I can only get through this alive, and as long as she lives, I can never believe that all women are faithless: and now I'll tell you what I will do. I have a strange feeling about this fight to-morrow. I will write a letter and leave it with you. If I come out all right to-morrow give it back to me; if I fall, take it to the person it is addressed to, and you will find a woman that will give the lie to all the accusations your lips may heap upon her kind, remember, Mary, they were comrades of long standing, and the army is a school where men learn each other very fast, so that it is not such a wonder that this soldier should trust the other so implicitly. He believed he knew him, and I think he did. Next day the fight waged heavy, and only one of the comrades came out alive. Shortly afterwards he was discharged and went home to New Jersey, and found the woman he had loved married. This was not calculated to increase his faith in his comrade's infatuated defense of women. They are all alike,' he said, and the letter from the dead was cast aside. Years went by and the soldier remained the cold hearted misanthrope that the close of the war had left him, and but for one experience he might have remained so for all time to come.'

There was a pause in the story here. Mary filled it after a little, speaking so low but so earnestly.

'I am glad that that experience reached him,' she said, grieving in her heart that any one should have gone so long without woman's affection. She had always been glad that she had made John's life happy with her love, for she set a high value upon a woman's heart, she knew how well what a mighty thing it was, how [illegible]

'And the letter that the dead soldier wrote?' said Mary.

He made no other answer than to toss into her lap a package sealed, and before she could fully comprehend the reason, he had left her as suddenly and abruptly as he had that very day a year ago. 'It is his own story, but he never told me before that he was at Gettysburg,' she thought and she went up to her own room to read the dead soldier's letter.

It was dark in the room and she had some difficulty in finding the material for lighting, but she did not hurry. She laid the letter on the little table by the window, then she went to the mantle at the other side of the room and groping found the lamp. A match must now be had and that necessitates a journey down stairs. She hesitates. 'I will go to bed now and read it in the morning,' and she puts down the lamp again and proceeds to disrobe.

* * * * *

But that letter over by the window will not leave her mind.

'I wonder what the soldier wrote? I know what John would have written to me,' and her curiosity holds her to throw a shawl about her shoulders and slip down stairs in her night dress after a match.

Now the Lamp is lighted, and she carries it over to the little table and sets it down there.

Why does she stand there? why turn and look doubtfully about the room as if to assure herself of the familiar surroundings, and then look back at that letter upon the table? Why does she stare at it, brooding over it yet not touching it with her hands? Why! Because there on the white paper is her own name, written by a hand which could never be counterfeited so as to deceive her eyes.

Then read the letter:

'MY MARY—They say that letters can never quite convey the weight and importance which direct conversation can do, but if ever you read this letter its words must come to you with an import and significance beyond anything which human tongue could ever bear. I lie in my grave, and back from the great unknown I speak to you the assurance of my enduring love; I worship you in spirit. You will read this very word which I am now writing, with dim eyes at the memory of its departed writer; but one beg of you to read it with the utmost trust and belief in the judgment with which it is indited. The occupant of a grave never lests. I have asked my friend of whom I wrote you, to deliver this letter. He is, next to you, the one I find it hardest to part with. He is a man; I have seen him tried as no man is never tried outside of the army, and could, almost heartless as he seems, he is yet everything I could wish myself to be. He has promised me to deliver this letter to you and to buy the little place I have left, for I am better contented and more will you be, that my friend should own it, than a stranger. And now Mollie, I must be careful not to offend you, but I trust you too well to believe that you will misunderstand me. From my grave I tell you that whatever my dear comrade may do, cannot but meet with my most sincere approval, and may God bless you both as he has blessed me in your love. I cannot add a word of parting love to this letter. It seems almost needless. We have known each other these many years, and in the very light of heaven we could not know each other better. Such is my trust in you.

JOHN COLBEY.'

1880.

It came on Sunday. There were some simple services in a country church not far from Pittsburg. They sang, "My country, 'tis of thee,' and an anthem, 'Sleep, brave heart;' and the minister spoke from the text, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.' Then, before the benediction, a babe was brought to the altar for baptism. Its father had been among them only a year or so; its mother—everybody there had known her from her childhood. 'He was a soldier,' the deacons quietly said to each other, leaning over the pews. 'He got a woman as she will make a good mother,' said the older mothers of the church, and there was a deep quiet over that little congregation as the good man, dipping his fingers in the font and holding them dripping above the little head, said, 'John Colbey Carr, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost, Amen.' Then the benediction was pronounced and many a hearty hand shake and good word followed. The father and the mother, her little child upon her arm, the holy tap them still glistening upon its head, went out, and turned aside into the church yard.

By an old grave they stood, one carved their side, and spoke to each other of the dead, and the child, catching at the sweetness of a white rose which its mother wore at her bosom, pulled it from her dress and holding it a moment dropped it, baby like.

It fell upon the grave.

A Happy Family

Circle is the greatest blessing of our civilization, but such a thing is not possible when disease and death lurk on the threshold. One of the most important matters to be attended to, is that the Liver and Kidneys are in a healthy condition. More trouble arises from derangement of these organs than from any other cause, often resulting in Diabetes, Bright's Disease, and other difficulties that are generally counted incurable. Parmelee's Dyspepsia, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Cure will prevent and cure all these difficulties with great certainty. Large bottles $1. Sold by A. B. Armstrong.

When you suffer from dyspepsia, heartburn, malarial affections, Kidney diseases, liver complaints and other wasting diseases. When you wish to enrich the blood and purify the system generally. When you feel [illegible]

RUSTICUS IN URBE.

Bordentown Sunday Sermon From City and Country Curiosity.

[illegible]

It has been said, dearly beloved, and it hath been said so often and for so many years that the saying hath grown into an accepted doctrine, that the village is the home of the [illegible] and vain talkers; that whatever "foolish questions" are urged, frailties and vain come from the farms that surround, idle curiosity, about people and things, hath no place in the city, but ever more shall it without the walls and in the waste places of the wilderness, where the sewing circle howleth and the mite society bobbeth up the stranger to gratuitously him.

Let me invite your attention this morning to a few brief thoughts upon this matter. It has seemed to me, going up and down this land and looking into the faces of men and listening to their questions when I was not asking some myself, that people, after all are very much like people.

AN ANCIENT FALLACY.

There is a very ancient belief and I do not know where or how ever it originated, that people who live in the country are characterized among their other very attributes and peculiarities, by a devouring curiosity that is entirely unknown in the city. The family to town may live in the same house for years and never know of more to know the name, religion or [illegible] of the family occupying the house adjoining, or even another flat in the same house, whereas the advent of a new family in the village is heralded by the postmaster, inquired into by the pastors of the churches, talked over at the local groceries, and the genealogy, political record, social standing, [illegible] and general condition, mental, moral and personal attributes of every member of the new family eagerly and as a rule ceremoniously discussed at the table society and the quilting bee. In the city only the busy reporter scans the hotel register, and he only because he is paid for it and with no interest in the travelers whose names he publishes in the city papers merely to allay the eager, gnawing inquisitiveness of the country readers. But the stranger who steps at the village tavern is attended by several staring loungers, followed by a score of inquiring eyes and carefully observed by a gaping crowd at the taverns. Those things that open wide the country eyes and whet the villager's curiosity pass the townsman all unnoticed as the flight of time. Nobody is curious in the city, everybody in the country is agape with measureless inquisitiveness.

Part of this is true. Just about one half of it. That portion referring to the country. Undoubtedly the villager is most intensely interested in the affairs of his neighbor. Undoubtedly also, his neighbor, with extravagant wantonness, takes her into the village. But that the villager or the former person this trait or quality of curiosity to any degree more than his cousin in the city is an open question.

BY THEN

The villager, it is true, walks down Chestnut street or Broadway, back to the street, face to the shop windows, mouth agape, perhaps, and eyes wide open. Even so do I. If the merchants of Chestnut street do not want me to look in at their windows, why do they make them beautiful and attractive? Roughly, carelessly and some times rudely is the villager jostled and pushed as he stands in the way by the incurious city man to whom all this is old and stale. But further down the street a cluster of twenty men impede the way. Now there are fifty, now the startled rustic beholds upwards of one hundred and eighty men crowding about some object in the street. All city men, messengers, salesmen, brokers, clerks, students, artists, literary men, gentlemen of leisure, one or two dudes, possibly a tramp or two—all the tramps are city men. The villager forgets the windows in this greater attraction, he hurries on, eager to see the fight, the murder, the suicide, whatever the unusual horror may be, that has power to gather in one close mass two hundred or more busy and incurious city men. He elbows his way through the dense mass and, heartbroken with disappointment, sees three Irishmen digging a small hole in the ground to find a leak in a gas main. Something the village would'n't cross the street to see. He is the first man to edge his way out of that crowd. And yet sometimes the poor man is weak enough to feel a little ashamed of himself when he sees the cute smile at him for staring in at a show window that is a dazzle of beauty, rather than stand on a pile of cobble stones and look down in a hole with a pick and an Irishman in it.

Again, Rusticus beholds another crowd, larger and more excited than the first. Again he runs to see, and in the broker, the clerk and the preacher by the score and the hundred, gather about a horse that has slipped on the pavement and fallen in his harness. Short time does Rusticus linger at that attraction. He has seen horses fall before and he knows how to get them to their feet without sending for a policeman.

When you have made up your mind that all curiosity stops west of Fifty-second street, stroll down Chestnut street some day when they are hoisting a safe into a second story window. You will see people fifty-two years old, who were born in Philadelphia, staring in the air as though for the first and last time since the old globe swung into space a safe was to be seen suspended between the sidewalk and the second story. The villager might stare at a balloon until it sailed out of sight, but when he comes to town he has no time to waste on safe-hoisting.

THE PROFESSIONAL INTERROGATION POINT

But you think there is no idle personal curiosity about people in the city as there is in the country? Ah, deluded one, where got you that idea? Did you never listen to the gossip of the club room? Who is it that interviews the illustrious visitor before his feet have passed from the steamer deck to the land of the free? Who is it asks him before he presses his hand [illegible]

service referred to? [illegible] Why [illegible] perfect? What does the [illegible] What time did the [illegible] was done? What [illegible] he drink? Why not [illegible] Are the Lords [illegible] ladies under glass [illegible] the first room you [illegible] and [illegible] to all [illegible] paper? And the [illegible] the village tavern is attended by several staring loungers, followed by a score of inquiring eyes and carefully observed by a gaping crowd at the taverns. Those things that open wide the country eyes and whet the villager's curiosity pass the townsman all unnoticed as the flight of time. Nobody is curious in the city, everybody in the country is agape with measureless inquisitiveness.

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...COUNTY COURT HOUSE...
SMETHPORT, MCKEAN CO., PA.

TERMS OF PUBLICATION.
THE MCKEAN MINER, ... one year $1.50, six months, 75 cents, 13 weeks, 50 cents.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Rates for display advertisements made known on application.
Professional cards, not exceeding one inch $5 per year.
Legal, editorial and transient advertising, per square, 10 lines, or less, $1.00 each additional insertion. Auditors' notices, $2.50. Executors and administrators notices, $3.00 each for six insertions.
Foreign advertisements must be paid for before insertion, except in yearly contract, when quarterly payments will be allowed. No space will be measured. No cuts with wood backs allowed. Local notices rates as regular rates charged double prices.
All advertising contracts payable quarterly. Legal notices to accompany files for one insertion, five cents per line for each subsequent consecutive insertion.
Obituary notices, over five lines, ten cents per line. Notices announcements of births, marriages and deaths will be inserted free.
All communications should be addressed to
H. F. HARBOUR,
Editor and Proprietor.

Smethport, Pa., June 7, 1883.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

HEADQUARTERS REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE, HARRISBURG, PA., June 2, 1883.—The Republican State Convention will be held in the Hall of the House of Representatives on the second Wednesday (fifth) in July, 1883, at 12 o'clock noon, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Auditor General, State Treasurer, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly be brought before it. The attention of Republicans throughout the State is respectfully directed to the following permanent rules established for the government of State Conventions and the conduct of politics:

First. That the basis of representation in State Conventions shall be changed to the number of votes which each district for the General Assembly may be entitled to cast in the next succeeding election, which conference for the selection of Senatorial candidates shall be chosen in the manner above provided.

Second. Hereafter the State Convention of the Republican party shall be held on the second Wednesday of July, except in the year of the Presidential election, when it shall be held not more than thirty days nor less than ten days before the National Convention, and at least sixty days' notice shall be given of the date of the State Convention.

Third. That we recommend to the County organizations, that in their rules they allow the largest freedom in the general participation in the primaries consistent with the preservation of the party organization.

By order Republican State Committee,
THOS. V. COOPER,
Chairman.

Political Announcements.

COUNTY TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for the nomination for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican County Convention.

A. F. BANNON.

Kendall, Pa., June 4, 1883.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

When the MINER was established—twenty years ago—it was a small twenty-four column paper, six columns to the page. Although the only paper in the county, it was then large enough to meet the wants of advertisers and readers, and as large a paper as could be supported. In 1868 the gradual but sure growth of the county warranted an increase in the size of the paper to seven columns to the page. In 1876, under the present proprietorship, it was still further enlarged to eight columns to the page. For many months it has been a source of much annoyance that we have been compelled to curtail the space that should be devoted to news and other reading matter in order to give room to advertisers. It is from the money paid us by our advertisers that this or any other county weekly lives. The subscriber who pays a dollar and a half a year for his paper pays much less than the actual cost of publication. Yet while we solicit and must make room for our advertisers, we do not intend that any of our thousands of readers shall have any reason to complain. Thus we have to-day again enlarged the paper by the addition of a column to each page and the length ening of each column two inches making an increase of fully seven columns in space. This enlargement involves considerable additional expense, not only for the necessary new material, but in the publication of each succeeding issue of the paper. It has been our experience, however, that every substantial improvement of the MINER has been met by an equal increase in the support and encouragement of the public and its patrons, and we do not expect now to be disappointed. Our readers are reminded that the MINER is a purely home and local paper. Every line of it is printed at home. We do not buy our paper with one side already printed at wholesale in New York, neither do we fill our columns with worn-out stereotyped plates of musty stories and ancient miscellany that are peddled throughout the country by the yard. We propose, with increased space and facilities, to make the MINER more fully than ever a complete county paper, such that no family in the county can well be without it. If we fail in any point it will not be from lack of purpose or endeavor.

A. F. BANNON, of Kendall, presents his name before the people as a candidate for County Treasurer by the publication of an announcement to that effect in this issue of the MINER. It is not our duty or purpose to advocate the claims or merits of any candidate for nomination before the county convention, and no more would we lay a straw in the way of any worthy republican seeking the support of his party by all honorable means. Mr. Bannon has placed himself promptly and frankly in the hands of his party; he candidly asks for the nomination; will use all honorable means to obtain it, and will abide by the decision of the convention. We are free to say for him, what will be generally conceded, that his political and personal record in this county during a number of years' residence is that of an honorable and upright citizen and a faithful, true and trustworthy republican. He is one of those mentioned as possible candidates who would be deserving of the support of his entire party if nominated.

THE Bradford voter has no lack of opportunity for the exercise of the right of franchise. He is called upon now to vote again July 12th on the question of increasing the city debt for the purpose of constructing an improved system of water works. Because of an informality in the return, the vote of last spring on the same question is null and void.

Erie county, New York will have to pay $68,828.92 in State taxes over and above the amount paid last year, and of such are the fruits of democratic reform.

It cannot be said of President Arthur that he has filled the public offices with his poor relations, personal friends of his school days or the pastors of his church.

THE republicans of Ohio have nominated Judge Foraker, of Cincinnati, as their candidate for Governor. He is a very popular and able man and will make a strong candidate.

COL. J. A. ECK has the credit of running and bringing out as a candidate General Bailey, the present State Treasurer. A man capable of so worthy a selection is himself worthy of selection.

THE well directed and successful opposition to the granting of liquor licenses indiscriminately is a healthy symptom, even though an excess of feeling causes occasional apparent injustice in particular instances.

THE prohibitionists have the first ticket in the field. At the convention held in Pittsburgh last week Dr. L. Rowland, of Franklin, was nominated for State Treasurer and J. B. Lord, late of Scranton, for Auditor General.

SCHUYLKILL county is bankrupt owing to lack of funds the county has temporarily suspended payment of county orders. The commissioners propose to come to the front and give a temporary loan until the collection of the year's taxes.

THE coroner's jury have very properly placed the responsibility of the Brooklyn Bridge disaster upon the directors and trustees finding them responsible in not having the bridge properly policed. It is hoped they will take good care that such a disaster does not occur again.

THE meeting of the county committee on Tuesday was well attended, and harmony and confidence were the prevalent features. By resolution the chairman was instructed to call a county convention at Smethport on the 25th inst. for the selection of delegates to the State convention.

THE Post stands firm. A recent dispatch from Rome to the Dublin *World* says that he will if necessary follow up his recent circular to the Irish bishops condemning the agitation in Ireland by the suspension from their functions of all ecclesiastics who disobey the commands of the circular.

THE legislature adjourned yesterday and before they could get away were confronted with a message from the governor calling a special session commencing to-day for the consideration of the apportionment bills. Sixty days is the utmost legal limit of the extra session.

IT HAS been a long time custom with Harvard University to confer the degree of LL. D upon the Governor of the State. This year the powers that be felt that they must draw the line somewhere and they drew it at Governor Butler. They have done themselves no credit. Massachusetts has never had a governor more worthy of the empty honor in point of ability and attainments.

THE bill to turn into the county treasuries instead of the State treasuries the revenue received from liquor licenses was negatived by the senate committee on finances. The probability that the revenue of the State would not cover the reckless appropriations of the late legislature was not favorable to any scheme to let go of so large a source of income. Our courts will therefore continue to grant licenses and while the State treasury will take the money the county treasuries will have to care for the criminals and paupers.

YESTERDAY the legislature adjourned. It might with great propriety have adjourned two or three months ago, and by this time instead of being deeply plunged in the work of gathering up washing, packing trunks, mailing speeches that never were and never will be delivered, inventing and swapping schemes to dodge board bills, they would be peacefully and contentedly hoeing corn in the rural districts and playing whiskey poker for the drinks in the city. The people of Pennsylvania have paid out in current money more than five hundred thousand dollars for the work, or alleged work, of this legislature; besides all they have borne in humiliation and confusion of face. May we never look upon the like again.

THE prospect of perfect harmony and good feeling between republicans of all shades of opinion is received with the gravest apprehension by the democracy. It is only by reason of factional differences and divisions in republican ranks that the democrats have gained any notable victories, and the democratic press are doing their utmost to encourage and foster bitterness and ill feeling among republicans. The terms "stalwart" and "half-breed" are seldom seen now except in democratic newspapers, and they seem to not be able to learn or understand that republicans have no further use for these factional terms. It is no use, however. The republicans finally have had out their little spattings with gatlings, and now propose to turn against the common enemy, and the efforts of that enemy to open up old sores will be labor spent in vain.

The Democratic State Committee of Georgia, in a circular to the Democratic State Convention, declares that a drunken man was chargeable among the delegates.

General Longstreet says that a large number of negroes in Georgia vote the Democratic ticket. "They must, if they vote at all," pertinently observes the Boston *Journal*.

The Democratic free traders have abandoned the attempt to read the protectionists out of the party. It was a clear case of the tail trying to wag the dog.—Memphis *Avalanche*.

The colored voters of Crawford, Mercer, McKean, Lawrence and Venango counties hold a convention at Oil City on the 21st inst. to consider the political and social advancement of their race.

The best service that President Arthur can render to his fellow countrymen will be to get civil service reform firmly intrenched that no future President will dare to "go back" on it.—Florida *Times-Union*.

The murderer, Cornett, who was executed recently at White Plains, N. Y., was asked to confess his crime, and persisted in saying "I am a Democrat, I am a Democrat." And yet some of the newspapers claim that he died without making a confession.—*Exchange*.

David Davis and Samuel Tilden are on the edge of a personal quarrel, provoked by some remarks uttered by Mr. Davis concerning the condition of Mr. Tilden's health. David Manning, of New York, who appears as an admirer of the brilliant statesman, is hopeful that Mr. Tilden may yet spare Mr. Davis the humiliation of a personal castigation.—Philadelphia *Press*.

Sam Randall must awaken to the situation. So Chauncey Black is at his heels, and no doubt the father is at the back of the son. The young lieutenant governor ought to measure the opportunity fairly. For it leap from the chair of president of the state senate, to that of president of the United States senate, is over a chasm wide and deep enough to make older heads than his clear. Harrisburg *Independent*.

The House amendment to the Senate bill providing that non-payment of premiums on life insurance policies should not work a forfeiture of the policy, but that dividends should be placed by the insurance company to the payment of the premiums, has been concurred in by the Senate. The bill also requires that notice of premiums falling due shall be given to the holder of the policy. The House amended so that notice need not be given when premiums fall due oftener than quarterly yearly.

The selection of delegates to the Republican state convention last week in Allegheny county under the new party rules, requiring a regular convention for each senatorial and assembly district, passed off satisfactorily. The *Commercial Gazette* says: "The individual voters had a fair chance to express their preferences in this matter, and if they did not help to make the delegates to the state convention it was because they did not turn out to the primaries."

The war on Mahone is beginning to current by those who think the Republican party should not be responsible for him. The latest charge against him is this. The last session of Congress made an appropriation to build a custom house at Lynchburg. Harry Lesher is proprietor of the cement works at Baleony Falls near there and it is alleged that he recently received a letter from Mahone informing him that unless he shaped his political course to suit the Senator he would not be permitted to furnish cement to be used in the construction of the government building referred to.

It has been left for Senator Bayard to discover that a protective tariff is unconstitutional. The question was thus left for nearly a hundred years. Washington and Jefferson thought a protective policy would build up the country, and did not discover any constitutional objection to it. Henry Clay, the greatest statesmen of his day, devoted the best part of his life to the study and development of the protective system, and thought he was credited with some knowledge of the intent of the constitution. It never occurred to him that "the great American system" was a subversion of its meaning or principles. Daniel Webster, who used to sit up nights with the constitution, and was unquestionably the greatest constitutional lawyer that this country ever produced, was a protectionist. Kingston *Freeman*.

The truth is gradually dawning that Arthur's Administration has thus far been exceedingly clean, positive and able, and that to-day he stands before the people as an intelligent and popular executive. The feeling toward him has changed remarkably in this respect, added to the peculiar position on earth at a time of mutual ferment and excitement, condemned, slandered and maligned by an unjust people by reason of bitter attacks and base innuendoes to factional public prints charged even with complicity in the crazy freak of a man, the incarnation of total depravity exposed to a running fire of merciless criticism within and without his party, he has borne himself with such distinguished ability and such commendable conscientiousness that he is rightly regarded as a most available candidate for renomination.—Utica *Press*.

If the duties were reduced to a free trade standard, we know, England knows, all Europe knows that American manufactures could not compete with foreign imported goods. This is evident from the small figure cut by the United States in the matter of exports of manufactures. Here, at our very door, Great Britain and Europe supply to Mexico and South America 85 per cent. of the imported goods of those countries. The result must therefore be, if protection is removed, that our factories will decay. Ceasing to be profitable, the workmen will go into agricultural pursuits. They will cease to be consumers and patrons of our present farming interests and become producers of the raw material. We would find an immense and ever increasing acreage of corn, tobacco, rice, sugar and cotton. The market here would be glutted. We would soon give the foreign markets and prices would fall. The money men we force from the workshops into the fields the lower would go the market for cotton and corn and the other products of the country.—Mobile *Register*.

ROCK GLYCERINE COMPY

Have come to stay, notwithstanding the Monopoly has assured the world that all competitors should be driven out of the field.

They Never Have and Will Not be Undersold.

They manufacture their own stock and it is

THE PUREST GLYCERINE IN THE FIELD.

They have the most experienced shooters in the business, and there is no shell that can compare with those they use.

STOCK, SHELLS, CANS AND MEN Always on Hand.

Sign of the

BIG SHELL,

R. A. DEMPSEY, AGENT,

No. 12 Chambers street,

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Palace Furniture Emporium!

The Largest Store in Pennsylvania!

BEST GOODS IN THE MARKET,
MOST COMPLETE STOCK,
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FREEMAN & DREW'S PALACE FURNITURE EMPORIUM,

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Gold and Silver Watches.

JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE.—

Having employed a first-class Watchmaker and Engraver, I am now prepared to do all manner of

ENGRAVING,

and such work as belongs to the trade. All work warranted.

I have also on hand a fine assortment of

CLOTHING,

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FURNISHING GOODS.

MAIN STREET, SMETHPORT, PA.

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EXECUTED IN THE BEST STYLE FROM EITHER

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Rochester Business Universities

The Most Complete Commercial School in America.

There is no other in the country that is held in so high esteem by the better class of business men, that is patronized by as many and cultivated a class of pupils, or that has so large a number of graduates in lucrative and honorable positions. Send for new catalogues.

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BINGHAM ESTATE.

ROBT. H. ROSE

Is authorized to receive moneys for rent, principal and interest due the estate of the late Wm. Bingham, and to execute receipts therefor. Office in the Bingham Estate Building, Main street, Bradford, Pa.

IN THE GRAND CENTRAL BLOCK

ROBT. C. SKINNER, Agent of the Trustees

Bradford, Dec. 20, 1882.

DOWNS' ELIXIR

N. H. DOWNS'

Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR

This valuable medicine is purely vegetable, the discovery of which was the result of many years' close study, to cure the diseases of the throat, lungs, stomach, liver and blood, such as

Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Croup, Asthma, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, and every species of oppression of the Chest and Throat. In all cases where this Elixir has been fairly administered, continuing for some reasonable time

CONSUMPTION

is not incurable, if properly attended to. Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, in fact a slight attack of the above maladies, when neglected in every other cold, they do their work in their own time, and the sufferer must submit. Those who have used Downs' Elixir for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Pleurisy, Pain in the Side or Back, Quinsy, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Hoarseness, Shortness of Breath, Wasting of the Flesh, Night Sweats, Nervousness, Nervous Debility, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Female Weakness, Irregularities, Suppressions, Whites, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness, Chills and Fever, Malaria, Blood Poisoning, Erysipelas, Boils, Humors, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Retention or Incontinence of Urine, Female Complaints, Piles, Constipation, Worms, Nervous Affections, Headache, Pain in the Head, Neck, Back, Loins, Limbs or Joints, Pain in the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Bad Breath, Impaired Nutrition, Want of Appetite, Low Spirits, Blues, Wakefulness, Bad Dreams, Delusions, Depression, Suicidal Thoughts, Dimness of Vision, Dizziness, Scalding Urine, Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Prickling Sensations, Sensation of Falling, Coldness of the Extremities, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, Hot Hands, Cold Feet, Drowsiness, Restlessness, Cold Chills, Flushing of the Body, Enlargements, Affections of the Heart, Throbbing, Weak Stomach, Sinking or Gnawing Sensations of the Stomach, all Nervous Affections

Vol XX. The McKean County Miner, June 7, '83. No. 25

THE McKEAN MINER.

Smethport, Pa., June 7, 1883.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

[illegible] and afternoon, and night! Forenoon, and afternoon, and night! Forenoon, and— What? The empty song repeats itself. No more? [illegible] that is life. Make this forenoon sublime, This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer, And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won. —*Edward R. Sill.*

How do you like the MINER now?

No complaint can exist on account of shortness of rain.

There is no pleasanter drive in all the country than the Marvin creek road.

The strikes between employers and employed, the country over seems to be at an end.

The attendance of Port Alleganians at court this week was larger than for years past.

The times may be pretty fast but the MINER will, as heretofore, be found keeping pace with them.

The liveliest competition in the sale and use of nitro glycerine exists now all over the oil country.

When an old friend returns to town the boys feel like showing their hospitality, and they do it too.

—From the demand for oil lease blanks lately, it would seem as if the wildcatters was again abroad in the land.

—Reports come in from different parts of the country that the lightning has been playing havoc with iron tanks and oil.

—Four convicts await transportation to the penitentiary at Allegheny, their terms of imprisonment ranging from two to ten years.

—Some of the boys went swearing fish Tuesday night, with tolerable success, bringing home some white suckers and a number of bass.

—A force of men have been engaged blowing stumps out with dynamite on George Bartwell's farm across the creek for a day or two.

—The pigeon and trout seasons have come, and are almost gone without a single specimen of either having been brought to town.

—Are we getting worse? Scarcely a day passes now that we are not apprised of some heinous crime in one quarter of the county or another.

—Some residents of McChanic street think that an organization for the prevention of cruelty to children is needed in their neighborhood.

—It is curious to notice what a lively interest some people take in the affairs of their neighbors, even to the neglect of their own domestic duties

—There seems to be quite a disposition on the part of the court to withhold liquor license where serious objection to their being granted existed.

—Tuesday the barn on the old Burlingame place up Marvin creek was struck by lightening and damaged considerably, though not totally destroyed.

—It is curious, but then it is true that a lawyer will change in a single night from one of the boys to the most rigid and uncompromising prohibitionists.

—During the last two weeks the narrow gauge road has been doing a land of flos business carrying the people to and from court. An extra train daily, has been kept in service.

—Between thirty and forty old soldiers of the neighborhood have signed a petition praying the Department commander to charter a post of the Grand Army of the Republic at this place.

—Some of the applicants for license, finding that the opposition was too well organized, wisely withdrew their petitions and will withhold them until the sign is in the right place.

—A most commendable pride has seized many of our citizens, and the strife among them to have the finest looking grounds has made a great many beautiful homes in the place.

—"The apple crop in this section will be unusually abundant this year." "The apple crop here will be a total failure this year." Statements of two responsible farmers, now take your choice.

—The divorce business of the court is growing to an alarming extent and if not checked by some means is soon going to leave us only a recollection of what was known as the family relation.

—It looks as though there would not be any difficulty in getting what little we want to drink for a year at least, judging from the licenses granted in this county at the present term of court.

—Well the suspense may be said to be over. We are not Judicially reappointed, and the lawyers who had the place on the bench selected for themselves can now resume their practice again.

—The czar of Russia has been crowned, the Brooklyn bridge opened to traffic, the legislature adjourned and we now turn to our work again with a feeling of security that has been absent a long time.

—Some difference of opinion exists in the minds of some of the spectators of the recent base ball game as to the actual score, but as it only amounts to twenty or thirty runs it is not worth bothering about.

—We are pleased at all times to have from the pastors of our churches, announcements of such religious services as they contemplate holding from week to week and will always find room to publish them.

—Forty-one veterans of the war of the rebellion, all living within reach of Smethport have signed and sent in an application for a charter of the G. A. R. at this place. They will be mustered in about two weeks.

—The Pendleton rape case, which brought to the county seat nearly the whole population of Sunltown, ended in the acquittal of the defendant. It looked very much like a scheme to get rid of an objectionable husband.

—The people of Port Allegany are in dead earnest in their temperance reform, and instead of trying to regenerate the world have spent their time in looking after their own town. Reform, like charity, should always begin at home.

—Col. McClure's editorial correspondence concerning his visit to Bradford, which some of the daily papers copied from the Philadelphia Times, was not up to the great editors standard of writing, and reads more as if the work had been delegated to some of his employees.

—The person or persons who stole from the cemetery at this place, shrubbery that had been planted by loving hands over the resting place of deceased relatives are mean enough to do just such an act and are entirely incapable of doing a generous thing. If they can be found—and they may rest assured they are being sought for—they will pay the full penalty of this dastardly and shameful low act.

A Singular and Serious Accident.

In giving an account of the destruction of oil and tanks in the neighborhood, the *Era* relates the following singular circumstance:

At three o'clock yesterday afternoon an unexpected incident or accident occurred at the burning tank near Olean, which though of a somewhat serious character, fortunately did not terminate fatally. The cannon being properly charged and loaded, was aimed and fired as usual. From some unknown cause the ball struck the tank higher than was intended, and it must have passed through above the oil. It passed through the tank and struck a pine tree about 200 feet away. From that it glanced and took a different direction. The humble home of John Taggarty chanced to be in the course of the ball. Inside the house were Mrs. John Taggarty, her seven children of different ages, sizes and sexes, and Mrs. John Bishop, a neighbor who had come in to make a friendly call. The cannon ball in its wild course struck the corner of the building about seven feet from the basement, and passed diagonally through the house, cutting its way through the opposite side of the building. Its mischief, however, was not completed until it pierced the side of an iron tank standing near the banks of the Allegany river. In Mr. Taggarty's house the children were seated at the table eating, and the mother, with Mrs. Bishop, were also seated. Probably some of them owe their lives to this fact. As it was, however, the ball passed over their heads. All of them escaped with the exception of Mrs. Bishop, who did not fare so well. The door was open and shoved back against the wall in the corner where the ball first entered. The hemlock door was badly shattered and one of the slivers made an ugly cut in Mrs. Bishop's neck. Another cut an artery in the back of her hand. She bled very profusely, and besides she was badly frightened. The pipe line officials hastened to Olean for a physician. Mr. Eddy and another doctor arrived, who pronounced her injuries not a dangerous character. The lady was frightened nearly out of her life, however. Her pulse was very low from fright when the physicians arrived. Her injuries are not necessarily dangerous. This unexpected bombardment of the Taggarty mansion was the cause of the greatest alarm to the inmates and the wildest confusion ensued. The building is built of double boarded hemlock and the slivers flew fast and thick for a second. The cannon ball pierced the tank near the river about four feet below the top. The men immediately cut a hole in the roof and stopped the wasting of oil in this way. They intended to pump the oil out of the tank until the crude stood below this break but evening. The accident was one of those unavoidable occurrences. It seems that the recoil of the cannon threw the muzzle upwards and it was discharged and as it pierced the tank above the fluid there was nothing to prevent its going through as it did. It traveled at least a half mile before it spent its force in the crude contained in the tank.

Yesterday afternoon the fire was about out in the burning tank and all danger was over. Very little oil was saved in the tank owing to a defective pump. It was expected they would draw about 350 barrels per hour from the tank, but the pump could not be put into successful working order.

Personal Mention.

Judge Williams has occupied the bench this week.

A. J. Wheeler, of Depeau, N. Y., is registered at the Grand Central.

Sheriff A. L. Wilcox left for Philadelphia yesterday morning, having been called thither by business.

Col. J. A. Ege was in town Tuesday, in consultation with the members of the republican county committee.

Hon. M. E. Elliott, of Wellsboro, has been engaged during the week with several important law suits here.

Elliot Hughes, of the *Reporter*, was attending court this week, though not in as good humor as he usually is.

Squire Wright, of Port Allegany, true to the instincts of the journalist, called at the MINER office while on a visit to the county seat this week.

Mahlon J. Colcord, who has for some two years past been a student at law with O. L. Snyder of Port Allegany, having passed a very creditable examination was at the present term admitted to practice in the several courts of McKean county.

Mrs. O. V. Corson, of Coudersport, stenographer, has been attending court during the past two weeks as official court reporter, vice H. N. Gardiner resigned. Mrs Corson proves a very efficient and accurate stenographer, and will find a warm welcome among the members of the bar of McKean county.

"And of our Independence, the 107th."

Last evening a meeting of business men was held at the quarters of the Smethport hose company to take measures looking to an appropriate celebration of the return of the Nation's birthday, July 4th. An organization was effected by calling Sheridan Gorton Esq. to the chair and electing John Forrest Esq Secretary. On motion it was agreed to appoint a committee of three persons to have full charge of all arrangements. This committee, at present consists of C. S. King and Sheridan Gorton who were empowered to select the other member. H. L. Wilson was elected treasurer, with power to collect subscriptions and look after the finances of the undertaking, and John Forrest was elected auditor of accounts.

The outlook is of the most flattering kind, there being already more than seven hundred dollars subscribed toward the expenses of the occasion, and there is no doubt that the whole affair being in the hands it is and with the encouragement that is held out will be a splendid success. This far-off let us stay at home and enjoy our holidays, making their return of so much interest from year to year that we will draw our neighbors to us, rather than be drawn to them for the amusements and recreations which custom has made almost indispensable on these occasions.

An Editor's Bereavement.

A most heart-rending catastrophe occurred at Wellsboro, Pa., June 4th, resulting in the death of little Robert, only son of A. F. Barnes, editor of the Wellsboro *Agitator*. It seems that a team belonging in the livery of A. Watkins, was engaged in hauling lumber to the depot, and while standing near a wagon on the track, the locomotive began blowing off steam. This frightened the team and the horses started. Breaking loose from the driver, they with the fore wheels of the wagon ran down the street past the Farmers hotel. Here they were turned upon the walk, and passing Mr. Barnes's residence, where little Robert was on the walk, they struck the boy in the back. He was so badly injured by the blow that he died within twenty-five minutes after the accident. He was a most exceptionally bright boy, about five years of age, and his life seemed full of promise. The entire community will mourn his loss and sympathize with his bereaved parents.

BRADFORD.

A new name Suggested for County Treasurer by the Democrats—What the Producer's Exchange Association is Preparing to do—Brilliant Speech in the Councils—Scandalous rumors in the Air—Personal, Political and General.

The oil market has kept up remarkably well during the week, and there has been a marked absence of anything like panic, although at times it was impossible to guess what the signs of the times portended. But experience must be worth something always, and even a small broker or "piker" can learn something by getting bitten occasionally. Rumors that were afloat through the week of lay-downs, proved on investigation to be without foundation, and, though some of the more reckless speculators suffered somewhat, they stood up manfully and made good all losses. The following figures will give a general idea of the condition of the trade up to Wednesday evening:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing
Thurs.	1.16⅞	1.20	1.16⅝	1.19⅝
Fri.	1.21	1.23	1.18⅞	1.19
Sat.	1.19⅜	1.19⅜	1.13⅝	1.15
Mon.	1.11	1.13⅛	1.11⅛	1.11⅜
Tues.	1.13	1.13	1.11	1.11
Wed.	1.11⅛	1.12⅛	1.09⅛	1.12⅛

The local papers are formally announcing the name of Col. J. A. Ege for State Treasurer.

Lightning has been getting in some effective work around the country in the way of making general average.

A boy named Cheeny came near losing his life by drowning Wednesday below the "Y," but was resuscitated after much difficulty.

Contrary to expectation there is not a lot of idle houses or stores either in town, but this fact is due as much to the lowering of rent rates by some of the larger landlords as to any other cause.

M. Ruslander will soon begin the work of pulling down the old brewhouse building, adjoining the Oil Exchange on the west side, and in its place will erect a three story brick block in which, when completed, his store will be located.

There are a number of men in this city who would like to take a western trip until after the trial of the newspapers Emma Weldon Gross case. If she should tell all that she knows it might make life cumbersome to some Bradford husbands.

The Sunday *Mail* published a yard of poetry last Sunday which is declared to be the production of a local poet but said that it had been the aforesaid poet's request that his or her name be withheld. That was the only sacred I could see in the whole thing.

The continued rains have kept the streets in a liquid condition so much of the time for the past two weeks that travel by any means than by the street cars has not been pleasant. What is poison to others is a picnic for the street car company however.

Pert, the locksmith, has gained such celebrity as an opener of things, from his success in unravelling the combinations of unmanageable safes, that he was called upon a few days ago by some ladies from up the West Branch who wanted him to go up to their place last Sunday and open a Sunday school.

The Oil Exchange has been moved to Orpheus Hall, Boylston street, and now that thoroughfare is crowded from morning until night with the eager gaping throng which has for so long a time hung about Main street watching the indicator. Poor Boylston street; if it isn't horses, it's sure to be something worse.

It is not likely that Chrysostom H. will receive the appointment of superintendent of the water works, as that position is now held by another democrat who claims that he has some rights under the republican city government, and John will have to try and get along with the three or four offices he already has.

At this time a small force of men is employed patching the holes in some of the principal streets, but the flimsy manner in which the work is being done will cause it all to be gone over again. What is worth doing at all, is said to be worth doing well, and this would apply to our streets with equal force as to anything else.

The superintendent of schools, Mr. Stone spoke in the most encouraging terms of the progress made by the young people during the term that is now drawing to a close. It is certainly true that no better common school advantages are offered in any place than those furnished by the school board and their employees in Bradford.

When a pocket handkerchief with the name of a prominent producer plainly marked in one corner of it is found at the laundry in the pocket of one of the final inmates of No. 6 Chambers street, it tends to raise doubts as to the producers loyalty to his connubial partner. Such cases is now being discussed by those who enjoy a joke in Bradford.

Well, we will have to do it all over again. It has been found that the returns made to court of the election held on the question of increased taxation for water supply was defective, the returns not showing the ordinance or resolution of councils under which the election was ordered. Now let us do the thing right, and mark every man who votes against the proposition.

Col. Ege is an ardent admirer of the organization known as the Grand Army of the Republic, and while recently at Galveston, Texas, he hunted up enough old Union soldiers there and organized a Post of the order. Some men take the cake, but for ardent devotion to a cause this certainly takes the whole bakery. Ten years ago if he had admitted to that city, that he belonged to the order, he would have been sent home in sections.

If Charley Melvin will accept the nomination on the democratic ticket for county treasurer it is thought he can get it, but as Charley has had bad luck heretofore in his political aspirations, and not being in need of the emoluments of the office, he is a little chary about taking any chances when he has not more than an even thing. If the nomination comes to him it must come unsought, and that kind of men are not in the line of promotion now.

Sealed proposals for building the quarters for the Producers Exchange association, to be closed June 10th, have been advertised for, some time. The building is to be of brick, one hundred by one hundred and twenty feet, three stories high, with a long list of other requirements not necessary to state here. When that is erected it will cover a very unsightly hole in the centre of the city and furnish the Exchange people and a great many others with a pleasant and convenient place to transact business.

Col. McClure remained while in Bradford last week that he didn't think there was one man in the State who was aware of the importance of Bradford as a city, or the magnitude of the oil business in McKean county as a commercial pursuit. He said he thought before he some that he knew all about it, but his visit had convinced him that he had not yet learned the first principles of the oil business, but that he would take pains to post himself, that he might be better able in the future to treat the county and its demands with the intelligence they merited.

At no time since Bradford began to assume importance among the towns and cities of the oil country has the air been so full of scandal, and rumors of marital infidelity. Scarcely a day passes that does not disclose some case of a family invaded by a stranger who sows the seeds of discord or betrays the wife or daughter into the paths of sin and vice. I will not at this time point out any of the several cases that have lately developed, believing that if those most interested can adjust their difficulties and grievances themselves it will be better for all, and I only say this much to acquaint the aggressors with the fact that their sins have found them out, that they may desist while there is time to retrieve lost character, or heal domestic wounds.

Everybody knows now just how it can be done, and you cannot find a "piker" now, even down to the man who only ventures to buy or sell "runs" a month, but knows how the market will go, and is willing to impart the information to you, not for gain but as a matter of the purest friendship, and will show you how you can make a fortune out of his experience. In the end the old story will be to sing again. The boys will venture into water too deep for their short pins, and the insatiable Standard will play the whale in the drama of Jonah, and those poor little "pikers," in company with an innumerable caravan of brokers will march to the pale realms of financial shade to the music furnished by Rockafeller's well paid orchestra of newspapers.

The democrats are very busy in their search for a suitable candidate for county treasurer at the next fall election. The name of Robert Cochran is being quietly talked up among one wing of the party, but does not meet with much encouragement from the other. Robert is out of employment just now, and an office that would pay four or five thousand dollars a year would come in very handy after his sojourn in Mexico, but the fact that Robert is a Canadian, with strong predilections for female government, will have a tendency to weaken him with the "natives," and it is not at all likely that he will figure to any considerable extent in the making up of the democratic slate. While Bob is a good fellow, and honest enough for any position of trust or profit, he has the misfortune to have been born and reared under the wrong parallel of latitude.

Probably the most interesting speech that has ever been made by a councilman in this city was recently delivered by councilman John H. Whitcomb, whom you will remember, was elected from the third ward by a handsome majority, which he owed to his industrious exertion. The question before the council for discussion was that of the policy of laying a poll tax on the able bodied citizens. By some means the number named got it into his head that it was a tax to be collected from each voter as he should step up to deposit his ballot, and at once the careful guardian of the third ward's rights detected oppression in the measure, and went on in a masterly speech to lay down the law and the constitution. It soon dawned on the other members present that Johny had got the wrong end of the ear, and amid cries of "sit down Smith," chairman Blakeslee explained that the proposed tax was on the persons of voters and not on the polls or voting place. It is only due to the councilman to say that he knew better, but had forgotten for the moment

1142.

Bradford, Pa., June 6th, 1883

A WOMAN SCORNED.

Bad Conduct Among Summitites Which is Followed by Cross Prosecutions.

Last week one day, a warrant was put into the hands of officer Tom Osborne of the First ward of Bradford, charging one William Seward of Summit city with a number of crimes, among which were seduction, bastardy and abortion, the former charge being coupled with an allegation that the defendant had consummated these offenses upon the person of Hatti Patterson who was the prosecuting witness.

Accordingly, Osborne proceeded to Summit and took the lady of Seward into custody, and, taking him to Bradford, a partial hearing was had before Alderman McClure, when so much interest was developed that the Alderman thought it best to continue the hearing until next Saturday in order to allow time to accumulate testimony pro and con, in order that he might arrive at the justice in the case.

Then Seward saw a chance to get even, or, by instituting cross proceedings to cause a withdrawal of the charges or to scare the prosecutor from the field, and, accordingly, he caused a warrant to issue for Hatter, charging that she had threatened to shoot and kill, and do great bodily injury to him the said William Seward, and also that she had breathed threatenings and slaughter against one Annie Martin, a Sandusky, with whom Seward was intimate and whom Hattie believed the gay William was about to marry.

Hattie was brought before Esq. Ford, and upon a hearing was held in the sum of three hundred dollars bail for appearance at the next court of quarter sessions John W. Brennan becoming bail for the girl.

And so the case stands until the Alderman at Bradford has finished his end of it. From what could be learned from conversation with the parties and those of ficer who has made the arrests, it looks as if the sportive Seward had succeeded in getting the too susceptible Hattie in a very interesting condition, then, as one crime is sure to lead to another, procured or assisted to procure an abortion upon her, after which, he tired of her but found her hard to shake off, and so the *denouement*.

Hattie had with her, on her visit here Tuesday, the instruments which she said he had employed in the accomplishment of the crime, crude and rough in appearance, but they looked as if they would be effectual in determined hands. And so the case will stand until brought before the grand jury.

BRADFORD'S Leading Clothiers, GREENEWALD'S, 124 Main St., invite inspection of their large and elegant stock of Mens and Boys clothing. Prices are always lowest, goods always reliable.

Rock Glycerine Co.

In another column will be found the displayed advertisement of The Rock Glycerine Company, the most reliable concern of the kind in the northern oil field. What they say, they are at all times perplexed to do, and those in need of their goods can do better with them, and get better results than with any other or like concern in the country.

GREENEWALD'S HEADQUARTERS: Money refunded. No misrepresentations. Opposite Bullard House, Bradford, Pa.

CLERMONT.

A Fresh Bundle of Items Gathered and Forwarded by Our Man on the Mountain.

Clermont is very quiet at present. There are only about seventy-five miners employed, and they only working four and five days per week.

The contract for building the new school house has been awarded to Nic Weiss, of this place.

Mr. Henry Schoenterling, of Burning Well, was in town on Monday to attend the meeting of the School Directors. Mr. S. is business manager of the large saw mill at Burning Well, owned by Henry Baird & Co., of Philadelphia, and also proprietor of a well kept store. He reports business good.

The members of the new school board met on Monday and perfected their organization. J. H. Tate was elected his own successor as President, as also was Robert Dick, Secretary. L. Bayer was elected Treasurer in place of J. R. Townsend who retires from the board. Peter Martin's term of office also expired and he was succeeded by James Davidson.

Dennis Sullivan, who has fired a locomotive on the Instanter railroad since its completion, has resigned and expects to accept a situation on some large road soon.

Wm. F. Specht, of Smethport, smiled in on us on Thursday. Years ago, when we used to see Will diving for mackerel and measuring calico, it never occurred to us that he would one day rise to the dignity of an insurance agent.

Harrison & Cartwright are shipping their cherry lumber very rapidly. B. E. Cartwrig is superintending the shipping.

Chas. W. Greenleaf, Jr., of Buston, is in town looking after the interests of Messrs. W. H. Leatherbee & Son, in the cherry business. The mill hands from the Buffalo Coal Co. by Geo. R. Moore is cutting out their lumber. He also looks after their lumber interests at Sargeant, Bridgetown, Wilcox, Sizerville, Port Allegany and State Line Mills, but makes his headquarters here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Townsend visited in Smethport on Tuesday and Wednesday. We expect that new dog cart rather astonished the oldest inhabitants of Smethport.

The Buffalo Coal Co. have a party of explorers opening up several places on coal lands owned by them in Elk County, situated about eight miles south of here.

Mr. Harry I. Wilson and wife, of Smethport, visited at J. R. Townsend's on Sunday.

John Kane, the popular engineer on this branch, ran his engine to Olean on Sunday last for a few repairs.

Mrs B. S. Hoag is visiting friends and relatives in Buffalo.

John F. Keating went out fishing on Tuesday and returned in the evening with one hundred and seventy two trout.

The base ball club accepted their defeat at the hands of the Smethport club very gracefully, although the boys say Sheridan did have too much sympathy for his home nine. The club has accepted a challenge from the Norwich nine and will play at the latter place on Saturday.

B. S. H.

Clermont, Pa., June 6th, 1883.

The Base Ball Boys.

The base ball season opened here last Saturday with a match between the home nine and the Clermonts. The boys from the hill felt that they were in proper trim to contest for the mastery, while our own boys knew that they could have an easy victory. The result was that the game played was one of the finest ever witnessed here, both sides making scores that for length, breadth and expansiveness are far beyond the power of any of the league clubs.

The batting was good, but the strong point on both sides was the base running which was simply remarkable. At times a player would bat the ball, and starting off would put so much speed into his pace that he would be scarred three or four times around the diamond before he could apply the brakes and come to a halt, in the meantime the fielders would proceed with great caution to the spot when the ball had been seen to fall, and, securing it, would return it carefully and deliberately to the pitcher, who would proceed to put himself in shape to again present it to the batter.

The game throughout was marked by that feeling of friendliness which is always so pleasant to observe in contests of this kind, each side scoring in the with the other in making it as easy as possible for their opponents to do their work, while the game keepers labored assiduously as they filled page after page with the score to keep up with the game so that no tallies might be lost or strayed.

Dr Day's Liniment helped my horse's lameness at once; others kinds had failed. Chas Brown, Brandywine, Pa.

Ancient Classics For English Readers.

This is the title of a unique and really delightful series of books, the first volume of which, "The Commentaries of Cæsar," by Anthony Trollope, is just issued. The aim of the series is to open to the unlearned English reader the beauties and treasures of classic lore, tell who the writers were, give some connected outline of the story they narrate, present some of their most striking passages in choice English translation, and illustrate them with the wealth of modern scholarship. There are 77 volumes in all, and heretofore they have cost $1 00 each. They are publishing in *The Electric Library*, in really charming style, at 15 cents each for paper binding, or 30 cents for cloth binding. "Herodotus," by George C. Swayne; "Cicero," by W. L. Collins, and "Demosthenes," by W. J. Brodribb, are announced for immediate issue, and the other volumes are to follow, one or more each week, until the series is complete. From even these marvelously low prices large discounts are offered to clubs and for premium orders. John B. Alden, Publisher, 18 Vesey Street, New York.

GREENEWALD'S, leading Hatters, newest styles, 124 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

Blood will Tell.

On Tuesday Councilman Whitcomb of Bradford (3d ward) in company with Charles Bebbey, drove over from Bradford in the interest of the latters petition for license to retail liquors. They stopped at the Grand Central funlianer, and while taking a bottle of wine with which to wash down their meal, the councilman had his friend go out to their baggage and procure a bottle from an ample stock they had brought along for their private use from their own stocks in their cellars at home. The sight was an amusing one for on other grounds on the table, but their laughter only served to show that they hadn't the style about them that our travelers possessed. Blood will tell.

$30 gone if Dampophile fails to help cure the worst forms of rachitic, scrofulous sores, scrofula, &c. Sold by H. C. Bradley & Son. Price 50 cts.

Licenses Granted and Refused This Term.

There was no scarcity of applicants for license to sell liquors, wholesale and retail everywhere throughout the county at the present term, and while the number granted was not by any means small, the number refused is encouraging, and points to a time somewhere in the future when indiscriminate license will not be the rule.

The following licenses were granted:

J. L. Andrews, tavern, Bradford city.
J. H. Pendleton, wholesale, Bradford city.
P. McNamara, tavern, Bradford city.
Fred Herkel, eating house, Bradford city.
F. J. Conserdine, tavern, Custer.
J. R. Goodnough, eating house, Bixford.
Frank Dana, tavern, Bixford.
Thomas Mulkin, tavern, Eldred Township.
A. H. Peirce, tavern, Smethport.
Gallagher & Byrne, tavern, Bradford city.
J. W. Bubb, tavern, Bradford city.
G. Bateman tavern, Bradford city.
R. C. Hazelmaier, eating house, Bradford city.
Charles Saxon, tavern, Red Rock.
J. B. Tallar, tavern, Bradford city.
Fred. Hubbell, tavern, Duke Centre.
J. H. Miller, eating house, Bradford city.
C. A. Stillwell, eating house, Keating township.
Alex. Johnston, tavern, Kinzua Junction.
John Carey, tavern, Alton.
Thomas Lynch, tavern, Alton.
O. Walker, eating house, Derrick City.
Patrick Costillo, eating house, Gillmor.
H. E. Etting, tavern, Bradford city.
John R. Mill, tavern, Coleville.
James H. Boylan, tavern, Coleville.
P. C. Hurley, tavern, Big Shanty.
James Morris, eating house, Red Rock.
Timothy Sheehan, eating house, Dallas City.
Smith & Beatty, eating house, Raw City.

The following licenses were refused:

J. H. Bump, tavern, Turtle Point.
Patrick Cullin, tavern, Big Shanty.
L. W. Dunn, tavern, Big Shanty.
James Irvine wholesale Bradford city.
August Zeuner, bottler Port Allegany.
E. O. Thayer, eating house, Port Allegany.
Anton Dodd, tavern, Farmers Valley.
Henry McCord, tavern, East Valley.
Karon Hanlon, wholesale, Port Allegany.
G. W. Lewis, eating house, Alton.
Michael McNulty, eating house, Alton.
L. W. Whiting, eating house, Bradford city.
Michael McNulty, bottler, Alton.
A. Wicks, eating house, Bidford.
Mary Lyndberry, eating house, Foster township.
Patrick McChanloe, tavern, Bradford city.
H. Bachelder, tavern, Bradford city.
James M Gray, eating house, Bradford city.
B. Jacobs, wholesale, Bradford city.

The following were continued until September term:

A. C. Phillips, eating house, Summit city.
E. L. Scott, tavern, Port Allegany.
M. C. Bartwell, tavern, Port Allegany.
N. A Palmer, tavern, Port Allegany.
Myer Rothstein, tavern, Keating township, was withdrawn.
Oscar Williams, eating house, Bradford city, was withdrawn.

A MANIFESTO.

War to the Knife and the Knife Driven to the Hilt.

The battle is raging and will not end for the next sixty days. Blood will flow, for we shall cut to the red.

WHEREAS, In the course of human events, it becomes necessary for every one to do the best he can, protect himself and his fellow man, we take this method in telling the public what is going on. It is well known to all wide awake purchasers that there was a large amount of surplus stock in the hands of the importers and manufacturers this season, which they have forced on the market at a great sacrifice.

We took advantage of this golden opportunity with the expectation of an early season, but in this we have been disappointed, and our stock remains, therefore, large. We propose, in addition to the low prices paid for our goods when they were bought, to make still greater reduction to those who will favor us with a call. We propose to make it warm for our competitors and the same time comfortable for our customers. We carry a fine stock of clothing, furnishing goods, hats, caps, valises, &c., &c., always fresh and new. Our sales are so large that we accumulate no old stock. Every one knows this fact. Our qualities are the best for the prices, our prices the lowest for the qualities.

We reach the wants of moderate pockets, not by lowering the quality but by dividing the profit direct with the consumer.

We know that we are not popular with our competitors. We cut prices too much, they say. However, we return our sincere thanks to them for advertising us so fluently to their customers. Decry us all you can, it helps us every time.

We are in partnership with the people, who buy our clothing. We save them money. Come and see the crowds at our store from early morning until evening. They show that the people appreciate our dealings and will back us up in our war for low prices.

Respectfully yours,
M. RUSLANDER,
99 Main Street.

A. SIMON, Manager.

GREENEWALD'S Boys Clothing. 124 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

Boys Ludwig Threatened Him.

I. Atwood Putnam caused a warrant to issue out of the office of Esq Ford one day this week, charging Lafayette Ludwig with an assault accompanied by threats to do him the said Putnam bodily harm. It seems that Putnam and Ludwig adjoin farms near Spensburg, and Putnam's cattle have been trespassing on the lands held by Ludwig until his anger rose to such a degree that he talked lustiness to the old man.

Yesterday he was brought up for a hearing and after due deliberation the magistrate decided to hold him to bail to await the action of the grand jury, which was done in the sum of one hundred dollars.

Two Little Ladies.

Into the family of Dr. H. L. McCoy on Tuesday and of Robt. H. Rose Esq. Wednesday, came daughters, who were cordially welcomed by their respective parents, and the faces of the fathers all lighted up with the peace that passeth understanding. All concerned are progressing famously.

GREENEWALD'S, Fine Furnishing Goods, 124 Main St., Bradford.

Church Services.

Rev. O. S. Chamberlayne, Presiding Elder of the Olean district, will officiate at the Quarterly Meeting at the M. E. Church on next Sunday evening. 'Love Feast at 7, and sermon at 8 o'clock p. m. Morning services as usual.

GREENEWALD'S, Largest Clothing Display, 124 Main St., Bradford.

New Goods at the People's Store.

Mrs. Gray, who has been on a protracted visit to Franklin, Pa., and has returned, and has now on exhibition some of the handsomest patterns in summer silks, black grass-grains, prints, lawns, ginghams and a host of other kinds of dress goods that a reporter knows nothing about, besides all the usual list of [illegible] goods not attempted to be found in the reporter's notebook. The ladies are invited to call and examine the stock, as prices are low for cash or produce.

Hop Bitters is the purest and best medicine ever made. Its ingredients are the best and most valuable in the world. Try it.

Republican County Committee.

A Time Fixed for Holding Caucuses to Select Delegates to the County Convention.

Pursuant to the call of the chairman of the republican county committee, M. A. Sprague, there were gathered together at the Grand Jury room, Tuesday, at 2 o'clock the following members of the committee:

Bradford City—1st ward, 1st district, F. S. Johnson; 2d district, J. L. Andrews; 3d ward, J. A. Ege; 4th ward, J. H. Whitcomby 4th ward, J. W. Shaw.

Corydon—Philip Tome.

Duke Centre—1st district, D. C. Graves; 2d district W. Burdick.

Foster—1st district, A. T. Palmer; 2d district, F. K. Washburne.

Hamlin—Samuel Barnes.

Kendall—1st district, A. F. Hanson; 2d district, Clark Robinson.

Lafayette—W. H. Wiggins.

Smethport—Jno. R. Sheemaker.

After disposing of the usual preliminaries, and considerable discussion as to the best course to be pursued in the calling of the convention for selecting a delegate to the State convention, and nominating a county ticket, Captain Chapman offered a resolution, which after being amended a time or two was adopted as follows:

Resolved, That a county convention be held at Smethport on the 26th day of June, for the purposes of of electing delegates to the State convention, and that the caucuses for the purpose of electing delegates to said convention be held on Saturday, the 23 day of June, 1883, for the purpose of electing a delegate to the republican State convention to be held at Harrisburg July 11th, 1883, and that the chairman be requested to issue a call in accordance herewith.

Col. Ege, who had been placed on the committee temporarily to supply the place of the member from his ward, who was absent, then asked to be relieved from further duty in connection with the committee, and T. J. Powers was substituted for him.

This covering the work they had been called together to perform, the committee then adjourned. The meeting throughout was characterized by the most harmonious feeling.

Close of the Term.

Today the schools closed for the summer vacation, and the little folks who have so longed turned their steps from day to day toward the a home, are free again to seek recreation and amusement during the sweltering summer months, of a kind more congenial to their tastes than that of arithmetic or sleepily treading the tortuous rivers of the map.

And older people when they look back—it seems very far back now—will not wonder that these little people feel a wonderful sense of relief as they go out for the last time during the summer from the school room, which to them, has seemed to have all the restrictive discipline of a prison, and the future benefits of which they cannot yet comprehend.

Nor would we, the parents of these same children like to turn again to the old whittled seats and desks ink-stained and begrimmed of the school house. Too well we enjoy the freedom that, at such a season of the year as this, permits us to go out in the green fields and leafy lanes independent of restraint.

But school has closed. The well-worn books have been gathered together and laid safely away till the return of the pedagogue, who, perhaps has gone to the country to make hay, and by work on some distant farm hopes to keep up his muscle preparatory to a return to his professional duties, and at the same time earn enough money, which, added to his salary as a teacher, may carry him through the long winter which he knows must come again. He was kinder to the boys on the last day of school than he had been on any other day during the whole term, but this did not deceive them any, they expected it, but all this did not in the least lessen their delight at the thought of the perfect freedom, both from books and restraint that seemed so close to them and yet so long coming. Well, well; the boys are out of school, and they feel an almost infinite satisfaction in contemplating the change in their situations, and, boy-like they will be just as anxious in three months more to return to the schoolroom that now, looks to them, the most dismal and forbiding place on earth.

Improved.

The Bonney House, Buffalo, N. Y., is undergoing many improvements. The part now occupied as a barber shop is being added to the office and will be used as a gentlemen's sitting and reading room. They have also put in bath and toilet rooms, new carpets and furniture, etc., and when the improvements are completed the Bonney will be in first-class order throughout.

Mr. Elwin L. Wilson, formerly of the Tifft House, Buffalo, and late of the Bowin House, Toronto, has assumed the management under the Messrs. Bonney since Mr. Fred. G. Andrews' departure, and no doubt will soon make many warm friends among the many patrons of the Bonney House.

The Ladies Aid Society.

On Wednesday of next week the Ladies Aid Society of this borough will hold a meeting at the class room of the M. E. Church to consider the propriety of giving some kind of an entertainment on the Fourth of July. It is hoped that the fullest attendance will be secured, as the opportunity offered for a pleasant and profitable time is a good one.

GREENEWALD'S, Reliable Clothiers, 124 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

OBITUARY.

DIED—At Fredonia N. Y., May 16, Rev. Abner Hallagard 87 years.

Born in Broome county, N. Y., 1796, he came to Smethport at a very early day, read and commenced the practice of law, and was subsequently elected justice of the peace, in which capacity he served acceptably until 1836, at which time he received a new witness of his adoption into the family of God. He at once gave up the practice of law, and commenced his life-work as a minister of the gospel. He was a profound thinker and an earnest preacher, his last words were "I declare Thee." "My soul longs for Thee." "Come Lord Jesus—Come quickly."

M.

Silver Mountain Gazette.

The original contract with John Digel and the building committee of the Olean Baptist Church was for only the main body, with intention to use some other kind of stone for trimmings, tower, &c. After traveling through several States the building committee found nothing to suit them so well as the stone from Digel's quarry, and to-day they gave him the additional contract to furnish stone for the entire building. The committee have always spoken highly of Mr. Digel's stone, and those [illegible] the stone or work [illegible] have always been pleased with the manner in which he has filled his contracts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A BOUNCING

—BUSINESS!—

The more the competition the more we do.

FUNNY? NO!

The more Our Goods are compared with others the Better they are found to be.

The more Our Prices are compared with others the Lower they are found to be.

GREENEWALDS'

ONLY RELIABLE CLOTHIERS AND HATTERS,

MAIN ST. 124 MAIN ST.

BRADFORD, PA.

LARGEST STOCK!
LOWEST PRICES!
No Misrepresentation Money Refunded

GREENEWALDS',
124 Main Street. 124 Main Street.

D. C. YOUNG

Has the LARGEST Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

—In the County—

NEW GOODS,

LOW PRICES,

Complete Assortment of

DRY

A MALARIAL VICTIM.

The Trying Experience of a Prominent Minister in the Tropics and at the North.

To the Editor

The following circumstances, drawn from my personal experience, are so important and really remarkable that I have felt called upon to make them public. Their truth can be amply verified.

In 1875 I moved from Canton, St Lawrence county, N. Y., to Florida, which state I intended to make my future residence. I purchased a home on the banks of the St. John's river and settled down, as I thought, for life. The summer following the first winter I was conscious of most peculiar sensations which seemed to be the accompaniment of a change of climate. I felt a sinking at the pit of the stomach accompanied by occasional dizziness and nausea. My head ached. My limbs pained me and I had an oppressive sense of weariness. I had a thirst for acids and my appetite was weak and uncertain. My digestion was impaired and my food did not assimilate. At first I imagined it was the effort of nature to become acclimated and so I thought little of it. But my troubles increased until I became restless and feverish and the physicians informed me I was suffering from malarial fever. This continued in spite of all the best physicians could do and I kept growing steadily worse. In the year 1880 my physicians informed me a change of climate was absolutely necessary—that I could not survive another summer in the south. I determined to return north, but not to the extreme portion, and so I took up my residence at Upper Sandusky in Central Ohio. The change did not work the desired cure and I again consulted physicians. I found they were unable to effect a permanent cure, and when the extreme warm weather of summer came on I grew so much worse that I gave up all hope. At that time I was suffering terribly. How badly, only those can appreciate who have contracted malarial disease in tropical regions. It seems as if death would be a relief greater than any other blessing. But notwithstanding all this, I am happy to state that I am to-day a perfectly well and healthy man. How I came to recover so remarkably can be understood from the following card voluntarily published by me in the Sandusky, O., *Register*, entitled:

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

EDITORS REPUBLICAN: During my recent visit to Upper Sandusky, so many inquiries were made relative to what medicine, or course of treatment had brought such a marked change in my system, I feel it to be due to the proprietors and to the public to state that Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure accomplished for me what other medicines and physicians had failed to do. The malarial poison which had worked its way so thoroughly through my system during my five years residence in Florida had brought me to the verge of the grave, and physicians had pronounced my case incurable; but that is not to be wondered at, as it was undoubtedly one of the worst on record. Hough Brothers, of your city, called my attention to the medicine referred to, and induced me to try a few bottles. So marked was the change after four week's trial that I continued its use, and now, after three months, the cure is complete. This is not written for the benefit of Warner & Co., but for the public, and especially for any person troubled with malarial or bilious attacks.

Such is the statement I made, without solicitation, after my recovery, and such I stand by at the present moment. I am convinced that Warner's Safe Cure is all it is claimed to be, and as such deserves the great favor it has received. A remedy which can cure the severest case of tropical malaria of five years' standing certainly cannot fail to cure those minor malarial troubles which are so prevalent and yet so serious.

ALFRED DAY,
Pastor Universalist Church.
Wyandotte, O., May 10, 1883.

THE COUNTRY OVER.

There were fifteen suicides in St. Louis during May.

Twenty-six new Episcopal churches are building in Florida.

It is considered a disgrace for a Hindoo girl not to be married when she is eleven or twelve years old.

Let us extract sunbeams from cucumbers, if we can't get them any other way. May hasn't been so bad a month, after all—for water-melons.

Mr. Lily Langtry is living in a little Welsh village, and receives, and English journal announces, a weekly remittance from his wife of £3 3s.

The number of persons killed by tornadoes in this country in 1881 was 187; in 1882, 339; and up to date this year the number is estimated at 250.

The Jacksonville *Journal* states that a blooming, blushing school-girl called at that office the other day, and inquired for "papers for a week back." The idea suggested was that she wanted them for a panier.

Five state conventions are to meet at Columbus, Ohio, this month—the Republicans, June 5; the Woman Suffragists, June 12; the Greenbackers and Prohibitionists, June 13; and the Democrats, June 21.

The Presbyterian *Home Missionary* for May announces that the receipts of the Board for the year, including the sustentation fund, aggregate over $500,000. This is much greater than the receipts of any former year.

The publication of the pension list will be completed about the 1st of July. It will fill ten volumes of 300 pages each, giving the names, address, disability and amount of pension of the 300,000 pensioners now on the rolls.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, who once upon a time was the nineteenth wife of the much married Brigham Young, is now to have the luxury a husband all to herself, having married W. R. Deming, a leading citizen of Manistee, Mich. Whether the rest of the widows will be so fortunate does not yet appear.

What is alleged to be a piebe of the true cross has come to light at Poitiers in an old chest. It was sent to a saint in the second half of the sixth century by the Emperor Justin from Constantinople. It is mounted in gold and enamel of exquisite Byzantine manufacture, and excites great interest. It disappeared during the revolution of 1793.

Canada has a million of Irish population, and hence the appointment of the Marquis of Lansdowne owns great landed estates in Country Derry and has never been in sympathy with the liberal policy of the Gladstone ministry, and with the Parnell party is at utter antipodes. The Irish of Ontario are sensitive and irritable, and we look for a stormy administration in consequence.

The growth of the Grand Army of the Republic speaks well for the cohesive power of patriotic memories and historic associations. Paul Vandervoort, Commander-in-Chief in his current report, shows that during the first six months of his administration up to December 31, 1882, there was a gain of 1030 posts—50,000 members; and, since February 1, 202 posts have been chartered in Kansas, Nebraska, Michigan, Illinois, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

The mayor of Minneapolis may be eligible for election to some reform association, but he is a leetle too radical for admission to the ranks of the spelling reformers. He writes as follows to the Tribune of his city: "Sir—If the Tribune intends to imply that in my official capacity I am an ass, I wish here by over my official signature to deny the statement in the most solium manner of which I am capable."

The largest ranch in Texas is that of Charles Goodnight, located at the head of Red river. He began buying land four years ago, securing 270,000 acres at thirty-five cents an acre. In the meantime the price has advanced from $1 to $2 per acre but he is still buying and now controls 700,000 acres. To increase his landed possessions 200 miles of fencing is required. Mr. Goodnight has a herd of 40,000 cattle. When it is considered that the whole State of Rhode Island contains only 674,941 acres, it will be seen what an immense amount of land this man's possessions cover. Miller & Lux own as much land in this State as Mr. Goodnight does in Texas. They have their 100 acres in the San Joaquin Valley alone.—*Galveston News.*

Pleasant Dwellings.

A rather severe test of the fireproof plaster invented by Mr. Hitchins was recently made in London. A brick building of three stories was built for the purpose and lined on floor, ceiling and walls with the plaster. The rooms above and below were filled with combustible materials and lighted. The fire raged for half an hour, and no sooner had the flames shot out below, a rescuer in the middle flat was alarmed and found to be untouched and cool. To compel the test a large fire was made in that room and the heat melted the glass of the windows. The lower fires were eventually put out by a hose, and the joists under the floors were found to be intact. The test seemed to prove that with this fireproof plaster a fire may be confined, at least for a long time, to the apartment in which it originates.

Toothache

Daily we hear of racking, pinging, stupefying, roaring, hair-rending toothache, that is, of the whole family in consequence until two o'clock in the morning. Most have it, but all have not heard of the wonderful cures made by Humphreys' Toothache Drops which are warranted to cure in one minute. Safe yet effective. Price only 25 cents. Sold by A. H. Armstrong.

Mr. I. G. Mounck, Bethel, Pa., writes: "I received great benefit from using Brown's Iron Bitters for Nervousness and dyspepsia."

Helping Piles. Symptoms and Cure

[illegible] DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. [illegible]

He Took Him at His Word.

A man had a row about something or other, and in the course of time became so abusive that the other party to the quarrel struck him a blow in the face. Then the man, with his entire family and a wagon load of plunder, drove up.

"Hello," said the assailant, "what does all this mean?"

"It means that I have accepted your unparalleled insult."

"You've got my permission to move."

"Yes I had and I'll show them," proceeding with the pile of chairs. "Every one of these are mine from my place and settle, and as my landlord has turned me out of his house, I just thought I'd accept your polite offer, and come to your place and settle. Get out, Mary, and take out the children. Tell me where you want the crowd dumped, and the way we'll settle will make that millionaire landlord pray for a decent heart like yours."—*Detroiter.*

Looking for a Job.

"Can you give me a little of some thing?" asked a tramp, as he stopped at a Witherspoon's farm house. "I'm a poor fellow trying to find work at my trade."

"What is your trade?" asked Witherspoon, as he set out a big bowl of bread and milk and a couple of doughnuts.

"Oh, I'm a sailor."—*Marathon Independent.*

Thomas Caffrey, the fourth of the Phœnix Park murderers brought to the gallows, was hanged in Kilmainham jail at eight o'clock June 2. During a farewell interview with his mother the day before his execution he broke down completely. The crowd outside the prison was very small, numbering only about fifty persons. Among these were the mother and brother of the prisoner and a woman who had been present at the executions of all the men convicted of the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke and prayed for the condemned Caffrey was composed when on the scaffold. His death was instantaneous. Caffrey wrote a letter to his mother the evening before the execution, in which he said: "I hope you will never have cause to blush for my name. As I am paying the penalty of my crime in this world I hope I won't have to suffer for it in the next."

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROYAL
BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

HOSTETTER'S
ESTABLISHED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the paramount remedy of the cultured medical philosopher which it never prevails. It is a botanically pure vegetable remedy, embracing the three important properties of a tonic, alterative and laxative. It includes the only agents combining antidotal and invigorating the liquid elements and tissues, and effects a salutary change in the entire system.

For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

He Repeats the Remark.

[illegible] Turning to me he took from a pigeon-hole in the face the head of the house of South Methodist A.C. The name, No. [illegible] street, Martin Block, Chicago, replied. "Now, my dear sir," Mr. Hemmick was that we consider Parker's Ginger Tonic most valuable [illegible] the best article of its kind in the market. Our sales for the last six months [illegible] and with the guarantee. The Tonic was a good thing, and we can recommend it. I [illegible] to every lady we meet, and will be pleased to [illegible] Mr. Hemmick's opinion of the [illegible] of consumption, kidney and liver [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and